



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART, — TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1805.

ESSAYS.

TRAITS OF WOMEN,
FROM SACRED HISTORY.

THE DAUGHTERS OF MEN."

Genesis, vi chap.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls.

THE character of women, more if possible than that of men, is formed by their education and the company they keep. In their young and tender years their minds are like soft wax, upon which the seal makes an easy and indelible impression. By education and company, as the clay by the hand of the potter, they are moulded into pleasing or disgusting forms. Happy is the girl who is carefully nurtured in virtue's school; — who has a prudent mother to instruct and advise her, to watch over her conduct and direct her steps; — and is thus preserved from the contagion of vicious books and bad company. If she has a sentimental and benevolent heart, though distinguished neither by beauty nor exterior accomplishments, she will make that virtuous and amiable woman, "whose price is far above rubies;" — in whom her husband will delight and rejoice, and to whom he will safely confide the secrets of "his own breast. Or even if marriage should never be her lot, the consciousness of rectitude and the resources of a sensible and delicate mind will enable her to pursue "The noiseless tenor of her way," with self satisfaction and with the esteem of her acquaintance.

The sentiments of the celebrated Pope, "that every woman is a rake at heart," is equally illiberal, and unjust. Those of the sex who have been properly edu-

cated and have had the prudence to shun loose company, have (with a few exceptions) been virtuous and amiable in their manners; and many of them, in the general tenor of their lives, have been patterns of "whatsoever things are pure and virtuous and lovely and of good report."

The amiable female virtues are to be found *chiefly* among women of a domestic turn; who having no ambition to shine in crowds, are contented with the conversation and esteem of a few chosen friends and daily pursue the line of prudence and benevolence, as daughters and sisters, as wives and mothers. Though but little known abroad, they render "home man's best delight."

Porcelain, or the finest china ware, if much exposed is peculiarly liable to be defaced or broken. And women who were formed of the *finer clay*, are but ill qualified for the tumultuous scenes and bustles of life; which would hardly fail to sully their reputation, if not to weaken and destroy their virtue. — With more susceptibility and less firmness of texture than usually fall to the lot of the other sex, they stand upon slippery places when they venture themselves in loose and vicious company. Doctor Johnson, who was a nice discerner of human nature, has made the following important remarks.

"It may be particularly observed of women, that they are for the most part, good or bad, as they fall among those who practice vice or virtue. — Whether it be that they have less courage to stand against opposition, or that their desire of admiration makes them sacrifice their principles to the poor pleasure of worthless praise, it is certain, whatever be the cause, that female goodness seldom keeps its ground against laughter, flattery or fashion."

When female education, *as it respects the virtuous culture of the heart*, has been totally neglected; — When girls have been early taught by parental example, to despise religion, and are introduced, as they grow up, into vicious company, it will be but little short of a miracle, if they should perseveringly pursue the path of virtue and preserve an unspotted character. As the best things when corrupted become the worst, so women to whom naturally belong superior modesty and delicacy, have sometimes become more impudent, more shameless, more hardened in wickedness, than vicious men. The following facts, from the records and intimations of sacred scripture will give a melancholy illustration of some of the sentiments, which have now been advanced. [To be concluded in our next.]

INSOLVENT DEBTORS.

THE humanity and benevolence of Pennsylvania has ever been greatly manifested by their various laws upon this subject; but it is generally manifest, that these very laudable acts of commiseration were intended and calculated solely for the relief of unfortunate honest men, who were or might be, languishing in prisons; and debarred of the opportunity of pursuing that honest industry, to which they had ever been accustomed.

It would be absurd to suppose, that the benefit of these laws was ever intended for the abandoned profligate, or that idle, vagrant fraudulent class of men, who so frequently, and almost exclusively, partake of their benefits; who are much fitter objects for the punishments of a work-house, than the humanity of such laws.

From the very easy access to the benefits of these laws, their operation are productive of numerous evils. They

are made subservient to many of the designs of fraud and villainy. When ever a man, or rather a villain, turns his thoughts upon the insolvent law, from that moment he relinquishes all intentions of labor and industry; he gives himself up entirely to vice and dissipation, and meditates upon nothing but a plan of deception and fraud; all his ingenuity and cunning is employed to procure the most extensive credit of every kind; and it is greatly to be lamented, that the honest, humane, and credulous part of the community, are always the greatest sufferers.

At last when he becomes suspected, and all the exertions of his fraud and deception begins to fail him, then justice, though with heavy heels, at last overtakes him. Then it is, that the favorable opportunity presents for executing his long meditated design of becoming an insolvent. He cheerfully enters upon the ceremony of surrendering his person for a few weeks, or perhaps months, because he has amply provided the means of subsistence for that occasion; and nothing remains but the still more trifling ceremony of a petition and an oath (which is swallowed like a sugar plum) to attain his principal object—that is, in his opinion, a complete exoneration from all his debts.

Thus his time and labor are lost to the public; whilst a contribution has been imposed upon them for the support of himself and his family, because they have both been supported by the public, by the exertions of his fraud.

During his scene of iniquity he has contracted such habits of idleness and vice, which has rendered him a more suitable companion for the inhabitants of a work-house, than for decent society, therefore a suitable kind of residence and employment ought to be provided in every county or district, adapted to the habits and dispositions of such characters.

A time was, when the insolvent laws of Pennsylvania compelled a certain description of debtors to make satisfaction by servitude. This was certainly a very wise provision in the law, because it was compelling them to pursue the only means left in their power of doing justice—that is, labor, or their respective occupations; and also preventing them from following their former idle

vicious habits. Now they are immediately permitted to run at large, and it is perfectly optional with them whether they ever work a day, or pay a shilling. But as servitude might not perhaps fully answer our expectations, especially by those long hardened in vice and iniquity, there ought to be an adequate punishment inflicted proportioned to the degree of the guilt and other aggravating circumstances which has marked the conduct of the debtor.

If a man buys and receives my property under the delusive promise of payment, when he has predetermined in his heart, to pay with nothing but an insolvent law, it is the same to me as if he had stolen that property, nay it is worse—because, if he had stolen it, I might probably recover it again; but from his mode of payment, all my hopes are forever destroyed. It may be called a specious of felony, for which the law has not yet sufficiently provided punishment. I would therefore suggest the following amendment to the present insolvent law. That before a debtor is discharged, the court shall be enjoined and required to make particular inquiry into his character and conduct both before and during the time of his contracting such debts? What were his real objects in contracting those debts? Was it with a fraudulent design, or with the view of increasing the profits of his trade or occupation? What were the true causes of his insolvency? Did it proceed from unavoidable accidents, losses, or misfortunes; or was it the result of a life of idleness, dissipation and fraud? That if it should appear to the court, upon the examination of his creditors or other proper testimony, that his conduct has been strongly marked by all or any of these vices, they shall be authorised to sentence him to a work-house, for such term of time, as may be proportioned to the magnitude of his crimes.—And if he has children, it would be highly necessary to have them bound out, in preference to their remaining under the care of such parent.

If such punishments were inflicted upon this kind of criminality, it might be the means of suppressing those fraudulent practices so generally practiced in this country.

[Pitts. Gaz.]

JUSTICE.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARACTER OF CAROLINE, PRINCESS OF ORANGE—DAUGHTER OF GEORGE THE II., OF ENGLAND.

HER heart was firm and magnanimous, her principles were sure and invariable, her opinions constant, founded upon the laws of God, and probity and justice; and nothing could alter or change them. She gained the mastery over her passions, over all their illusions and irregular desires. Her heart abhorred vice, and detested falsehood and cunning. Neither fear, nor death itself, ever found her weak or pusillanimous. At the instant in which she lost her dear and illustrious consort; when the veil fell and exposed to her sight a fearful spectacle, an abyss of grief and pain, she laid her hand on her heart, stifled its murmurs, and imposed silence upon her sorrow. "I have, said she, a state to preserve; young innocents to educate; I have made a solemn promise, to him whom death has just now deprived me of, not to abandon myself to a fruitless grief; let us exert ourselves, and shew the power of religion and resignation." Her heart obeyed, and duty turned its back on grief and despair. No vexatious accident, no disappointment could make any impression upon her, from the minute she was assured she had done every thing that it was her duty to do. For a long time past her body, too weak for so strong a mind, began to bend under its efforts; but she never permitted the least complaint to escape her, and carefully concealed what could not have failed troubling and alarming her children and attendants. She had such a command over herself, as to preserve to the last moment her usual ease and cheerfulness, and inquired of those who attended her, if they could observe any change of temper, and if her patience was any way lessened. It is in that moment, when death presents itself with its mournful retinue, when the world is disappearing from before our eyes, when eternity is opening to us, that we may judge of the effects produced in our heart of the care we have taken to form it, to guard against the fears of death, and to consider it as a natural term, where all our labors, and all our cares are to end. Ready to quit her mortal body, and to leave

that other half of herself, her children, so tenderly beloved, seeing herself surrounded by her faithful friends, of whose sincere attachment she was well assured, giving themselves up to the horrors of despair, she thus addressed them with a firm and steady voice: "You weep, but why do ye weep? Where is that profound resignation which you owe to the master of the world? Where is that humility and submission, that you should have learnt by reading and meditating on the word of God? These tears and sighs, are the fruits of all you have learned? Observe me, and do as I have done. I have, as much as I was able, kept my heart clean, and my lips undefiled. I fulfilled my task with cheerfulness and resignation; and therefore, death does not appear to me horrible nor dreadful. I do not fear its approach; I feel the comfortable hope of going to experience in the bosom of my Creator, the reality of those good things which he has assuredly promised to those who love him in sincerity."

She put every thing in order, and forgot nothing; and while shrieks and cries were only to be heard, she saw the approach of death and observed him with a firm attention, received him as a friend, and falling asleep in his embraces, committed to her Creator her spotless soul, her unshaken soul: a soul worthy of possessing the celestial mansions of the elect; the just recompence of her faith, her religion and her hopes. Were I permitted to descend to particulars, what an example might I leave to posterity! Perhaps there never lived so great a soul, and perhaps none ever carried the practice of virtue to a higher degree. The powers of her mind, and those of the heart, were kept in continual exercise. She little esteemed what are called negative virtues such as good desires having only a virtual existence, without ever being produced into action, or productive of any real good. She approved of active, not mere contemplative goodness and thought that every opportunity of doing good should be sought for, and that it should be unchangeable in its principles; that we should study to render the soul invulnerable, and to be useful in the world, and such as it would seek after; that little objects should never affect the heart, and that nothing should through vanity, or vain glory.

and that considering this world as a place of probation, and a passage to another life, we should never fix ourselves too firmly on it, as a place of residence. To conclude, she was the glory of the state, the support of the church, the delight of society, the ornament of her age, the honor of her sex, the happiness of her family, and will be the perpetual subject of our praise and our regret.

MISCELLANY.

[From Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.]

A KISS may certainly be innocent; as is the kiss of friendship, the kiss of sanctity, the kiss of ceremony, the vestal kiss of virgin modesty, the kiss of kind endearment, and the kiss of virtuous love; but the meretricious and heroick kiss, which we now condemn, is, as Zenophon observes, more infectious than the poison of the spider, and more destructive than the bite of the rattle-snake. It is true,

The gilliflower and rose are not so sweet,
As sugar'd kisses are when lovers meet:

but delightful, pleasant, and ambroisial, as they may be, such as Danae gave to Jupiter, sweeter even than nectar, they leave a dangerous and destructive impression behind. The author of the life of John the Monk, who was a man of singular continency, and most austere life has illustrated the fatality of this allurement, by a story, that the Devil, in the shape of a beautiful female, went one night to the cell of this virtuous hermit, and praying the shelter of his humble roof from the approaching storm, thanked him, by her salutations, with so warm a fervour that his virtue was overcome. But when he attempted to disclose the passion she had inspired, the fiend assumed its native shape, and while she vanished into air, laughed him to scorn, and left him overwhelmed in all the agonizing, horrors of remorse and shame. The story, however untrue it may be, furnishes an important lesson to the youthful mind, by teaching, that to resist danger, it is necessary, even in the most averse and sanctified souls, to avoid temptation. Of this danger, the virtuous Julian was so sensible, that he wore a long hirsute goatish beard, fit to make ropes with, in order, as he confessed, to prevent him from kissing.

AMUSING.

THE GRATEFUL GUEST.

THE late Joseph Younger, who was prompter to Covent Garden Theatre, during the management of Mr. Coleman, one day met old Lewis (who played at Cheltenham before their Majesties) and seeing he was apparently in great distress, took him home with him, gave him some clothes, and kept him to dinner. After the cloth was removed, and the bottle was in circulation, Younger observed that Lewis was rather melancholy; upon which his grateful guest observed as follows: "I was just reflecting what a hard case it is, that a man of talents like myself, should go about half naked and half starved, whilst such a d—d stupid rascal as you are, live in luxury, and have it in your power to give me clothes and provisions."

From London papers.

Some Jews coming out of Newgate, where they had been on a visit of condolence to a brother: a wag observed, that they were "the Children of Israel coming out of the House of Bondage."

Pink elbows have faded away, in compliance with the season. Where the colour will fix itself next, we know not, unless in those complaisant families,

"Where, alas! the absent rose,
Goes to paint the husband's nose."

ANECDOTE.

THE late Mr. Townsend, walking down Broad-street, Bristol, during an illumination, observed a boy breaking every window which had not a light in it. Mr. T. asked him how he dared to destroy people's windows in that manner? "O," said the urchin, "it is all for the good of the trade—I'm a glazier!" "All for the good of the trade, is it?" said Mr. T. raising his cane, and breaking the boy's head; "there then, you young rascal, that is for the good of my trade—I'm a surgeon."

[Lond. pap.]

Mr. CECERON'S Practising Ball, will be at Mr. Robert Wilson's, sign of the Indian King, in south Queen-street, on Thursday evening next, at 7 o'clock.

TICKETS to be had of Mr. Cezeron and Mr. Wilson. March 6.

POETRY.

MY NATIVE HOME.

O'ER breezy hill or woodland glade,
At morning's dawn or closing day,
In summer's flaunting pomp array'd,
Or pensive moonlight's silver grey,

The wretch in sadness still shall roam,
Who wanders from his Native Home.

While at the foot of some old tree,
As meditation soothes his mind,
Lull'd by the hum of wand'ring bee,
Or rippling stream, or whisp'ring wind,

His vagrant fancy still shall roam,
And lead him to his Native Home.

Tho' love a fragment couch may weave,
And fortune heap the festive board,
Still Mem'ry oft would turn to grieve,
And Reason scorn the splendid hoard;

While he, beneath the proudest dome,
Would languish for his Native Home.

To him the rushes roof is dear,
And sweetly calm the darkest glen;
While pomp, and pride, and pow'r appear,
At best, the glitt'ring plagues of men;

Unsought by those that never roam,
Forgetful of their Native Home.

Let me to summer shades retire,
With meditation and the muse!
Or round the social winter fire
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuse:

Tho' winds may howl and waters foam
I still shall bless my Native Home.

And oh! when youth's extatic hour
And passion's glowing noon are past,
Should age behold the tempest low'r,
And sorrow blow its keenest blast;

My shade no longer doom'd to roam,
Shall find the *Grave a peaceful Home.*

EPITAPII ON A MISER.

A POOR, benighted Pedlar, knock'd
One night at *Sell-all's* door,
The same who saw'd old *Sell-all's* life—
'Twas but the year before!

And *Sell-all* rose and let him in,
Not utterly unwilling,
But first he bargain'd with the man,
And took his only shilling.

That night he dreamt he'd given away his pelf,
Walk'd in his sleep, & sleeping hung himself!

And now his soul and body rest below,
And here they say his punishment and fate is
To lie awake, and ev'ry hour to know
How many people read his tomb-stone gratis.

THE HIVE.

A VILLAGE BALLAD.

DID ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true?

My cheeks are wet with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd did e'er I stay,
Or linger, when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say
And all she wish'd was quickly done:

I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Did I not rise by break of day?
Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,
If Robin in his barn had hay?

Tho' to my fields they welcome were
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nancy lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did safely keep
Within my fields in frost and snow:

Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill:
Full as they were, I brought them home,
Her corn I carried to the mill:

My back did bear the sack, but she
Will never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eaten up a peck of oats at least:

Her little pigeons kiss, but she
Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown?
Alas, poor wretch, what shall I do,
If Nanny do not love me soon?

If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.

THE OLD MAID'S COMPLAINT.

MY hey-day of beauty is fled,
The pleasures of life are ail o'er,
What a fool I have been not to wed,
When I might have had twenty or more.

The Spring of enjoyment is past,
Stern Winter succeeds to my May;
Expos'd to the pitiless blast,
I sigh my existence away.

How alter'd, alas! is my case,
Since erst at my beauty's levee,
Each handsome young lad in the place,
Was pretty near dying for me.

The young misses, flirting about,
At me point the finger of scorn,
While I can do nothing but pout,
And wish I had never been born.

Ye fine ladies take my advice,
And make a good use of your beauty;
And not be so coy and so nice,
That nobody ever can suit ye.

Don't hesitate, now is your time,
Get married, dear girls, if you can,
Get married I say in your prime,
To any good passable man.

FOR WITS—NOT LADIES.

FASHIONABLE NUDITY.

AS Jack, above a Draper's shop,
Saw written—BOMBAZEEN,
Ha, Bet, says he, I prithee stop,
And tell what that may mean.

It means fair lady's dress, she cry'd,
Who now go naked nearly;
For 'tis so thin, and drawn aside,
'Tis *Bum-be-seen* most clearly.

That's true, dear Bet, it is no less,
Said Jack, the simple-hearted;
And *Bum-be-seen's* the *mourning dress*,
For Modesty—departed.

A RHAPSODY.

AS I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me,
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee;

Then I said to myself, and thus answer'd
myself,
With the self same rapartee,
Look to thyself, or look not to thyself,
'Tis the self same thing to me.

IMPROV'TU,

On receiving a letter in bad blank verse.

YOU sent me what you call blank verse—
The very name you've hit;
For blank, indeed, it really is
Of either sense or wit.

Blank Bonds, Apprentices and Servants Indentures, &c. &c.

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